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MEMORIES OF A (LATTER-DAY) CATHOLIC GIRLHOOD

Kathy Mulherin

**LBJ ON TV • PROTEST IN
ISRAEL • ANTONIONI'S POINT
• GARCIA MARQUEZ •
UNDERGROUND FILMS
• CONSPIRACY TRIAL •**

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"...and I'd like to thank
my publisher, my typist, my proofreader,
my first wife, my illustrator,
my jacket designer, my binder,
my advertising agency, and my muse,
for making all this possible."

THE 21ST ANNUAL NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 4th, the seven winners of the 1970 National Book Awards will be honored in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are the books by American authors published in the United States in 1969 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

ARTS AND LETTERS

LILLIAN HELLMAN—*An Unfinished Woman*, A Memoir. Little, Brown
RICHARD HOWARD—*Alone With America*, Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950. Atheneum
NOEL PERRIN—*Dr. Bowdler's Legacy*, A History of Expurgated Books in England and America. Atheneum
JOHN UNTERECKER—*Voyager*, A Life of Hart Crane. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
GORE VIDAL—*Reflections Upon a Sinking Ship*. Little, Brown

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

VERA AND BILL CLEAVER—*Where the Lilies Bloom*, (Ill. by Jim Spanfeller). Lippincott
EDNA MITCHELL PRESTON—*Pop Corn & Ma Goodness*, (Ill. by Robert Andrew Parker). Viking
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER—*A Day of Pleasure*, Stories of a Boy Growing Up in Warsaw. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
WILLIAM STEIG—*Sylvester and the Magic Pebble*, (Illustrated by the author). Windmill Books/ Simon & Schuster
EDWIN TUNIS—*The Young United States 1783 to 1830*, (Illustrated by the author). World Publishing

FICTION

LEONARD GARDNER—*Fat City*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LEONARD MICHAELS—*Going Places*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
JOYCE CAROL OATES—*Them*. Vanguard Press
JEAN STAFFORD—*The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
KURT VONNEGUT, JR.—*Slaughterhouse-Five or The Children's Crusade*. A Seymour Lawrence Book/ Delacorte Press

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

DEAN ACHESON—*Present at the Creation*, My Years in the State Department. W. W. Norton
TOWNSEND HOOPES—*The Limits of Intervention*. David McKay
T. HARRY WILLIAMS—*Huey Long*. Alfred A. Knopf
JOHN WOMACK, JR.—*Zapata and the Mexican Revolution*. Alfred A. Knopf
GORDON S. WOOD—*The Creation of the American Republic, 1776-1787*. Univ. of North Carolina Press

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

KENNETH E. BOULDING—*Beyond Economics*, Essays on Society, Religion, and Ethics. Univ. of Mich. Press
LOREN EISELEY—*The Unexpected Universe*. Harcourt, Brace & World
ERIK H. ERIKSON—*Gandhi's Truth*, On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence. W. W. Norton
ROLLO MAY—*Love and Will*. W. W. Norton
THEODORE ROSZAK—*The Making of a Counter Culture*, Reflections on the Technocratic Society and Its Youthful Opposition. Doubleday

POETRY

DANIEL BERRIGAN—*False Gods, Real Men*. Macmillan
ELIZABETH BISHOP—*The Complete Poems*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI—*The Secret Meaning of Things*. New Directions
ROBERT LOWELL—*Notebook 1967-68*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
PHILIP WHALEN—*On Bear's Head*. Harcourt, Brace & World/Coyote

TRANSLATION

DENISE LEVERTOV—*Selected Poems*, Eugène Guillevic. New Directions
RALPH MANHEIM—*Castle to Castle*, Louis-Ferdinand Céline. A Seymour Lawrence Book/Delacorte Press
PHILIPPE RADLEY—*The Italics Are Mine*, Nina Berberova. Harcourt, Brace & World
RICHARD SEAEVER & HELEN R. LANE—*Manifestoes of Surrealism*, André Breton. Univ. of Michigan Press
JOHN UPTON—*Cumboto*, Ramón Díaz Sánchez. Univ. of Texas Press
The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, and consist of seven \$1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, the Children's Book Council, and the National Association of College Stores.

NEWS & VIEWS

Here's Dow in Your Eye

Among the items liberated from Dow Chemical by the D.C.-9 during the raid on Dow's Washington headquarters last March were documents showing a continuing financial and social relationship between some members of Congress and Dow's "director of government affairs."

The documents, which were released to the press during the final days of the D.C.-9 trial, revealed a special generosity toward the "Michigan Delegation." Dow's corporate headquarters, recall, is in Midland, Mich.

Dow's favors ranged from free rolls of Saran Wrap for legislators' wives to use of a corporation plane.

More significantly, 16 of Michigan's 19 House members were listed on one document, with party and a number alongside. There were no dollar signs, but the *Washington Star* checked and found that the numbers coincided with 1968 campaign contributions received from Myles McGrail, Dow's principal liaison officer with Congress.

Several congressmen told *The Star* that although the funds were received in the form of a personal check from McGrail, they understood the money was, in effect, a contribution from Dow.

The Corrupt Practices Act of 1925 prohibits, of course, corporate contributions to individuals seeking House or Senate seats.

The Star thought the story important enough to run on page one, but the *Washington Post* gave it only cursory mention and the *New York Times* has apparently decided to look the other way.

"It isn't funny," a Washington friend commented. "But Dow will get away with

it, and the D.C.-9 will go to jail."

And so it is coming to pass. After 40 minutes deliberation a jury found the D.C.-9 defendants guilty of illegal entry and "malicious destruction." There's been no move against Dow.

Thanks . . . No, Thanks

The Military (sic) Council of Catholic Men, which embraces 50-60 military (sic) parishes in Europe, recently invited Tom Quigley to keynote its annual general assembly at Berchtesgaden (sic) on the theme "A Christian Must Be Involved."

Quigley, who edited the book *American Catholics and Vietnam* and who is one of the defendants in the Pentagon-Mass case, was asked in his capacity as executive secretary to the Council of International Organizations and chairman of Papal Volunteers for Latin America.

The invitation was extended by Father (Lieut. Col.) Thaddeus Malanowski, chaplain delegate for Cardinal Cooke and spiritual director of the Military Council of Catholic Men.

Quigley wrote back that he was "happy to accept" and that he particularly liked the theme.

"I think it might be good if I did focus somewhat on Latin America," Quigley advised Father Malanowski, ". . . because it is such a vivid example of a situation where the church has opted most clearly for total involvement in this thing called liberation or human promotion or development. Or revolution."

Quigley added that he could hardly fail to say something about race, peace, poverty and the war. "I make no secret about my total opposition to that war," Quigley said, "or to peacetime conscription, to cost overruns, to warfare economics, Military Assistance Programs in Latin America and a host of other things."

Quigley didn't hear back

from Malanowski. Charles C. Noble, president of the Military Council of Catholic Men, wrote:

"We feel that your proposed thesis develops issues of international scope and probes into questions of national policy which would be entirely out of character with our conference objectives and inappropriate for sponsorship by the Military Council of Catholic Men. . . . Since we would not ask you to change your speech, we have engaged another speaker."

'Tools' of the Papacy

The *New Statesman's* Anthony Howard confesses he didn't realize how strongly the shade of Titus Oates still lingered in Britain until prominent Labor Party member Woodrow Wyatt saw a Papist plot in the BBC's and the *London Times'* coverage of the Nigerian-Biafran war.

"It does not seem to me a coincidence that the director-general of the BBC (Charles Curran) is a Roman Catholic," Wyatt commented in scoring the pro-Biafran sympathies of Britain's major news outlets. "It does not seem to me to be a coincidence that the editor of *The Times* (William Rees-Mogg) is a Roman Catholic."

Wyatt was catching the echo of the Lagos government, which linked support for Biafra, moral and otherwise, primarily with the Vatican.

There was applause for Wyatt from those Britons forever fretful about an alliance between Rome and London. But Howard, who writes the "London Diary" column in the *New Statesman*, was appalled.

Conceding that facts never have a chance against a good conspiracy theory, Howard nevertheless pointed out "for Mr. Wyatt's information" that the editor of the *New Statesman*—"which, rightly or wrongly, consistently gave support to the Federal gov-



"Give us this day our daily illusion . . ."

ernment's policy" [read Nigeria]—is a Roman Catholic.

"So, for that matter," he added, "is the editor of *The Tablet*—who, Mr. Wyatt may be surprised to learn, wrote one of the most pro-Federal reports of the entire war."

The Tablet has been a principal voice of British Catholic opinion since 1840. The editor referred to is Thomas Burns, successor a few years back to Douglas Woodruff. The citation was a dubious honor.

Quote of the Week

Marine Brigadier General Smedley Butler, in writings cited Feb. 16 on the NET program "Who Invited Us?":

"I helped make Honduras right for American fruit companies in 1903. I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I brought life to the Dominican Republic for American sugar in 1916. In China, 1927, I helped see to it that Standard Oil went its way unmolested.

"Looking back on it, I feel I might have given Al Capone a few hints. The best he could do was operate his racket in three city districts. We Marines operated on three continents."

JOHN DEEDY

CORRESPONDENCE



Peace and Pollution

Alexandria, Va.

To The Editors: I am afraid that you have not performed a public service in what appears to be an attempt ["The Aseptic Society," Feb. 6] to discredit student involvement in environmental problems and specifically the planned "Earth Day" on April 22.

Certainly there are people in the present administration who would like to defuse student activism in some "harmless" way. And it is true that many, if not most, of the politicians who have jumped on the environmental bandwagon in the past few months have done so strictly for the political advantages to be gained therefrom. And it is even true that several prominent political figures who have built reputations as conservationists over a period of years are in fact blind to conservation principles when they conflict with their own private interests.

My point is that the motivation of political figures is irrelevant to the question of student involvement. Students have done quite well in recent years in seeing through the hypocritical motivation of politicians.

What you evidently fail to see is that militarism, poverty and environmental destruction are parts of a single whole. They are all concerned with the quality of life on the only world we have. Environmental problems, despite what you imply, are extremely important to the well-being of everyone—perhaps most of all to the people crowded into the urban slums.

It is foolish and self-defeating to promote conflict where there should be cooperation. . . . Don't pass judgment on those of us concerned with the environment. Work with us.

ROSS HARDTER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editors: An aseptic society, as you call it [Feb. 13], may indeed be the goal of President Nixon; but please

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.
Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional
mailing offices. Printed in the USA and published weekly,
except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September,
by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016
Murray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1970 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.
US and Canada, \$12 a year. Foreign \$14. Single copies 40¢

WHOSE LAW? WHOSE ORDER?

It was a fascinating coincidence that on the very day morning papers were bringing readers the results of the Chicago conspiracy trial, book pages in the same edition should have been announcing the publication of Justice William O. Douglas' new volume. Fascinating, because Justice Douglas' volume raised in broader context the basic question which the trial pretended to settle in at least one juridical instance: who bears the responsibility for the break-down of law and order in the country?

Listen to Judge Hoffman and the prosecutors of the Chicago trial, read up on other cases, and the answer seems clear enough: the responsibility belongs to the dissidents, the malcontents, the emboldened who defy the established order and the system which it perpetuates. Read Justice Douglas and one acquires a more incisive answer. He argues from the American experience that now, as in the time of the Colonies, the Establishment itself may bear the primary fault for disorder by creating a situation in which violence becomes the only honorable alternative to oppression. "We must realize," Douglas writes in *Points of Rebellion* [Random House], "that today's Establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution."

Douglas traces patterns of oppression and repression in American life through the Truman and Johnson periods, and though he is less pointed in talking of the Nixon Administration, it is obviously his worry that Nixon could make a domestic application of the doctrine associated on the international level with the Truman and Johnson years (he bypasses Kennedy): namely, that the world is filled with dangerous people who must be controlled. It is an old paranoia, one which causes the nation to repeat at home disastrous misjudgments of foreign policy, with results no less deleterious to national health.

One does not need Justice Douglas to itemize the repressions at home which document fears and nurture defiance. Example follows upon example in the daily press: the guerrilla war against the Black Panthers; the expanding authority of the Subversive Activities Board to rule not only on communism and communists, but radical groups generally; the ability of people

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like Mendel Rivers to have court-martial proceedings brought against a young seaman merely for publishing an antiwar newsletter; the subpoenaing of media records. And these are only the blatant tyrannies. A series of subtle moves has been set in motion which already gives right and justice in America new and diminished meaning: Haynsworth, Carswell; the appointment of a management lawyer as chairman of the National Labor Relations Board; the Presidential promise not to "jawbone" business into not raising prices; Administration withdrawal of support for legislation which would curb tax evasion through Swiss bank accounts; the subterfuge which masquerades as the extension of school integration. "Poor old Union!" Tom Wicker in the *Times*. "Its great and generous dreams falling one by one to lusty death."

The litany could go on, but the point is plain. There is a quality of mood and attitude which is a violence all its own, the more so when cloaked in the garb of the authority and the law. It is a figurative violence but it breeds the violence of inflammatory language, stones and worse, to which it is therefore an accessory, and for which it bears an accountability, in many cases a greater accountability than the physical violence itself.

"Violence has no constitutional sanction," Justice Douglas writes in his book, but he readily concedes that where grievances pile high, and where the aggrieved also represent the Establishment, then "violence may be the only effective response." Douglas talks of America and in defense of those who would correct the grievances. "The dissent we witness is a reaffirmation of faith in man," he comments. "It is protest against living under rules and prejudices and attitudes that produce the extremes of wealth and poverty and that make us dedicated to the destruction of people through arms, bombs and gases, and that prepare us to think alike and be submissive objects for the regime of the computer."

The community of dissent needs no apology from Justice Douglas; in most cases its concerns and its methods are justification enough. But what does need emphasis is Douglas' reminder that law and order can be subverted in ways other than those charged to people like the Chicago 7, and that the responsibility for eruptions when they occur is not to be automatically heaped upon the protestors. The Establishment can also stand guilty, *in causa*. . . . For the Establishment then to seek scapegoats is only to compound its guilt.



THE LBJ SHOW

MEMOIRS FROM BEYOND THE TOMB

After a year of Nixon, the spectacle of Lyndon Johnson on teevee justifying himself to Walter Cronkite and the world generated a little nostalgia in us all. There was something comfortable about the old-fashioned, down home, see-through variety of cant, preferable to the newer plastic sort. The nation finally got a taste of LBJ's famed "one-on-one" treatment which cartoonist Herblock immortalized the next day as Lyndon Johnson conversing with a mirror; and we all nodded politely with Walter, as fantasy followed delusion, cajole followed caress, like hundreds of overwhelmed correspondents, aides, and foreign dignitaries must have done before.

There are many criticisms one might raise about the enterprise as journalism. Though an exclusive with a former President is something of a scoop, one shudders at the precedent of paying reportedly six figures for an interview. At those rates, we independents could scarcely afford two minutes with the lowliest congressman. And with Lyndon Johnson as a CBS investment, small wonder that Cronkite could not bring himself to come through with more probing follow-up questions. One also wonders what happened in the editing room. And there were times when, for variety, the viewer saw Cronkite nodding over LBJ's shoulder, that the former President's lips were clearly not saying what was on the soundtrack.

Nonetheless, for the glimpse into the isolation and ra-

tionalization of high office, it was probably worth it. All of the interviews were filmed during a visit by Cronkite to the ranch. They are being broadcast in three parts, with the third installment yet to come. Part I, shown in December, was titled "Why I Chose Not to Run." As an opener, Cronkite asked LBJ whether he had been "run out of the Presidency." Johnson's answer was "an absolute, positive no." According to Johnson, none of his advisors came to him before the March 31 speech and even suggested that he might be in trouble. In fact, volunteered Johnson, "I had more doubts about what would happen in the '64 campaign than I did about what would happen in the '68 campaign." He had "no doubts" about his re-election in 1968, should he have chosen to run.

"Now, you can call that egotistical, and you can call that arrogant, if you want to. But I call it professional evaluation."

If Johnson is to be taken literally, he never planned to run for another term. We hear of his anguished conversations with Lady Bird, and his closest advisors. According to LBJ, he had been planning to retire in 1968 ever since the summer of 1964. He cites his "disadvantages" of "upbringing," of "geography" and the regional "prejudice" against him. James Reston was to write in his column following the broadcast of this interview that —now it could be told—the President had confided to

him long before March 1968 much the same thing; he could not be President more than five years because of regional prejudices, and he wanted to step down after 1968 anyway. And Reston concluded in famous one-on-one fashion, with only the 600,000 readers of the *Times* listening in, if-only-you-could-understand,-Lyndon-we don't-hate-you-because-you're-a-hick-we-hate-you-because-you blew-Vietnam.

Could it be that former President Johnson does not yet comprehend Vietnam? His reaction to the McCarthy campaign was characteristically in terms of personal disloyalty, not for the issues it raised and the enormous unpopularity of Vietnam. Hubert Humphrey's Salt Lake City speech in effect broke with Administration war policy and to most observers resulted in the late Democratic rally. According to Johnson it cost the Democrats the election. Johnson told Cronkite that, in effect, the Humphrey speech caused the South Vietnamese to delay coming to the conference table. It was only two days before the election when they finally agreed, and LBJ feels intensely that but for Humphrey's speech, they might have come earlier, causing a greater boost for the Democrats. This is quite plausible. But from the perspective of 1970, after more than 15 months of useless Paris talks with Saigon's delegates present, this disclosure is more significant for what it reveals about the manipulation of the Paris talks for domestic political ends.

Cronkite's second interview, aired Feb. 6, sheds even more light on the White House dream world. Johnson believes that "Communist aggression," as represented by the Vietnamese civil war in 1970, is comparable to Hitler. "I tried to get these people to talk reason. . . . But they were determined to do one thing, and that's to take over this little country. And if they take that one over, they were determined to take over others in my judgment, just as Hitler was." Tet, we learn, was a "disaster" for the Communists, a reversal which made the bombing-halt possible. It "brought about a degree of unity (in South Vietnam) that never existed before." All of this was too much even for Cronkite, who wondered whether the Administration had been deluding itself, and why following the American Tet "victory" General Westmoreland had called for 206,000 more troops. Even the film clips which were added to the interview, of Westmoreland's optimistic "progress report" just before Tet, must be taken as Cronkite's disclaimer. Johnson's delusion, however, was boundless. The Tonkin Gulf resolution, to Johnson, should have been called the Fulbright resolution, since it was sponsored and introduced by Senator Fulbright, and "Don't tell me a Rhodes scholar didn't understand everything in that resolution." Fulbright, the day after the airing of the interview, angrily reiterated that the resolution had been fostered on the Congress predicated on a phony attack, with the Administration's assurance that it was simply designed to show American unity to deter future attacks.

The decision to halt the bombing, the intervention of the Pentagon task force under Secretary Clifford, did not represent a policy change, since the United States "never anticipated, never expected, never went out, weren't—had no objective for a military victory." General Westmoreland never requested 206,000 new troops, only that the President "consider" such a plan, and Johnson was obviously furious that this piece of information was leaked to the *Times*.

The closed universe of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is seemingly endless: from "no wider war" to the Tet "victory" to "no change in policy" to complete reappraisals produced by loving subordinates from the Secretary of State on down, on four days notice. Senator Fulbright and the liberal press were simply hostile forces, intolerant of a simple Texan trying to do right; never sources of information. So intent were the President and his advisors on strategies and contingency plans, that the fundamental question—what are we doing in this mess, how do we get out—never got asked. When the light of the world outside got through the prism at all, it was weak and distorted. Somehow, the brake was applied. Somehow, the nation got a new Administration, with its own style of cant, its own self deceptions.

What will we learn from installment III? The assassinations? The Chicago Convention? Do we want to know?

ROBERT KUTTNER

(Robert Kuttner, program director at Station WBAI, New York, was a congressional aide during the Johnson years.)

Israel—The Strange Sounds of Protest

The demonstrators lined up languidly, in single file, in front of the Hebrew University pond. Each held a white card on which was printed a large black letter. Together the letters spelled out DON'T SAY I DID NOT KNOW—AREA PUNISHMENT.

It was the second time area punishment was being protested in Israel. The first protest demonstration was held in November and featured a march on the Knesset. Some three hundred people participated in it, a huge number for a demonstration of that sort in this country. Unpopular causes here are shunned by all but a brave or exhibitionistic few.

The demonstrators stood behind their letters as though awaiting a pogrom. They were gaunt and glum and their shoulders sagged beneath the weight of their resignation. They looked more like old rabbis than they did like young leftists.

The protest began shortly before noon. Morning classes were still in session and for the first few minutes

only a handful of students filed past the gravely worded imploration and they without paying it very much attention aside from a random snicker or two. Political activism is looked upon as a strange, pretty much demoted phenomenon by the student body. Student conformism at the Hebrew University is almost as absolute as it was on American campuses during the '50s. The institution is astonishingly anachronistic in this respect.

The trickle of students turned into a flow. Singly and in twos or threes they strode boldly along the cement walk and cut over to where the demonstrators were congregated. The abuse began. It came sporadically at first, like the initial raindrops of a storm; then quite suddenly it intensified.

"Traitors to Israel!"

"Look! Almost all of them are foreigners. They have no right to demonstrate here."

"Have you been in the Army?" a student taunted one of the demonstrators. "No of course you haven't."

The taunt was taken up by the others. In Israel, to call one a draft-evader is to level at that person the worst imaginable insult. It is employed as the definitive four-letter word.

The abuse, although never quite vanishing entirely, lost its full thrust rather quickly. Actually, the confrontation of the adversaries became remarkably tame before very long. Animated discussion-circles were formed within which the pros and cons of area punishment were debated. The circles swelled with students and buzzed deafeningly as the afternoon wore on. Filling the Hebrew University air were the strange sounds of political discord.

The discussions themselves were like a conspiracy of dentists' drills that bore relentlessly into the tooth of Israel's present dilemma. Conquest, declared the dissenters, is the executioner of liberalism and humanitarianism and the unwitting progenitor of insurrection from Vietnam to Gaza. Area punishment, they further reasoned, can lead only to fascism internally and increased Arab resistance externally. It must be done away with while it is still possible to do away with it.

The students countered with cogent arguments of their own. Israeli conquest, they maintained, has in all likelihood been the most liberal in the history of the world. Arab terrorists, when apprehended, have as a matter of policy been imprisoned, not put to death by Israeli authorities. Moreover, the Arabs in the occupied territories were perfectly free to travel throughout Israel proper and to obtain work there wherever there was work to be had. As far as area punishment was concerned, the students, though they regarded it as regrettable, also regarded it as necessary. Terrorists basing themselves in an Arab village, they insisted, cannot possibly move about without their activities being known to the villagers. Consequently Israeli soldiers are fully justified in demanding from them the details of terrorist acts and in blowing up their houses if they refuse to disclose them.

The man around whom the largest number of students had gathered was the ginger-bearded pacifist, Uri Davis. Davis scandalized Israelis some years back by refusing to serve in the army on pacifist grounds. He looks like a florid lamb whose eyes gleam with the knowledge that he is destined for the slaughter-house. The mere sight of him suffices to make Israelis' blood boil. The students who had encircled Davis cursed him and sneered at him and did their insufficient best to shout him down. One student pointed an irate finger at him and shouted, "You oppose the blowing up of Arab houses, but you don't oppose the bombs they (the Fatah) detonate in Haifa."

"I oppose the blowing up of Arab houses *and* the bombs that they detonate in Haifa," was the reply.

Davis was one of the principal organizers of the demonstration. Inured to setbacks, he took in stride the pitifully small size of the protest, the torrents of abuse that were heaped upon him, the perverse effect his efforts seemed to have on all but a handful of Israeli students.

Israel is, of course, a country at war, a country whose adversaries are both just beyond its borders and well within its borders. Almost every day there are Israeli soldiers killed along the Suez Canal, almost every day there are acts of Arab terrorism either on the West Bank or in Israel proper. Taking all of this into account it was remarkable that words alone and not blows were exchanged between the two sides. Also, it is to Israel's credit that a demonstration of this type was allowed to be held in a time of war.

But before one could become too impressed by such positive developments one was granted a sudden peek into the stifling closet of Israel's shame. A student said emphatically to a demonstrator with whom he had been arguing, "All Arabs are dogs!"

The demonstrator, a light-skinned, large-nosed, sandy-haired young man, pointed first to his face, then to his body. "Look at me!" he demanded. "Do I look like a dog to you? I am an Arab." ROBERT CARL HIRSCHFIELD
(Robert Carl Hirschfield is an American free-lance writer who is now in Israel.)

COMING

Representative Henry S. Reuss, chairman of the Senate-House Subcommittee on International Exchange and Payments, writes of the new U.S. gold agreement with South Africa:

"Americans were shocked to hear some months ago an American major describe the leveling of a South Vietnamese village: 'In order to save it, we had to destroy it.' Apparently this reasoning appeals to the Treasury: in order to save the two-tier agreement not to introduce gold into the system, we have to introduce gold into the system!"

Remembrance of Conspiracy Past

This is my week for nostalgia. Nostalgia of a somewhat bitter sort. I don't know what started it. Perhaps the recollections by Kathy Mulherin printed elsewhere in this issue. Kathy is, as one says so pretentiously these days, "of my generation." Her experiences do not parallel mine. I was more skeptical of the old religiosity than she, and am more skeptical of the new. Whenever I wander too close to the more fervent aspects of the New Left or counter-culture, a little voice pipes up and says, "You've been this way before," or "This is where the movie began." I turn off. Yet I cannot deny her beautiful description of our feelings and hopes and the way that what we were has propelled us to become what we are. And then there was the conclusion of the Conspiracy Trial. . . .

- My father voted for the first time in the 1932 presidential election. He voted for Norman Thomas. My first vote was cast 30 years later. This time it was in a mayoral election, and I voted for Richard J. Daley. That's what is called progress.

Daley was the machine candidate; he was, in fact, the machine; and we could vote for him on the basis of the "lesser evil." It was true, too. The other candidate—I would have to admit it, today—was considerably worse. But that is not the whole story, for in 1962 liberals took considerable pleasure in contemplating tough and professional politicians like Daley. Those were the days of the Irish-mafia mystique surrounding Kennedy and liberal interpreters of politics flaunted a certain air of knowing cynicism as well as an enormous confidence. No one had any doubt that the "system" was viable. Although the sit-ins were two years past and the New Left was already well into existence, it never struck my mind to wonder if an election-day choice between Richard Daley and a poor jerk named Benjamin Adamowski was a cause for abstaining or even questioning the "system." I am sure I voted with as much pride as my father had for Norman Thomas.

- In those years I attended the meetings of college journalists at the annual convention of the National Student Association. A short, sad-faced fellow from the University of Michigan *Daily* spoke frequently, very slowly, as though weighing every word. He struck me as pompous. He turned out to be bright enough, however. Even won the *Mademoiselle* award

for best college writing one year. "A smart fellow like you could do all right with the system," a judge in Chicago told him the other day. I doubt if Tom Hayden is going to take the advice.

Not that the government is going to give him much chance. It turns out that Hayden was innocent of any conspiracy to cause a riot in Chicago; but what he did do was make *two* speeches "for the purpose of inciting, organizing, promoting and encouraging a riot." That is a lot to accomplish with two speeches but Hayden, as Judge Hoffman says, is a smart fellow; and he had the help of six fellow non-conspirators who between August 1 and August 29 made *ten* (count them, *ten*) speeches which caused all that rioting. Those speeches were so incendiary that thousands of listeners (whose presence in Chicago remains inexplicable, there being no conspiracy) were driven to butting their heads against billy clubs and thrusting their groins in front of police knees and pulling down club-swinging policemen on top of themselves so that the TV cameras and the Walker Report would be fooled into thinking that the *police*, and not Tom Hayden, were at fault. Of course, the government found out the truth, and three tired jurors finally agreed with it, and Tom Hayden faces 5 years in jail.

- I read in the *New York Times* that a moment after Judge Hoffman sentenced attorney Leonard Weinglass to a year and eight months in jail for contempt of court, the black coordinator of the defense staff leapt to her feet. "You are a racist, a fascist and a pig," she called to Hoffman, echoing the phrase which earned Bobby Seale his contempt sentence. She was taken out of court by the marshals.

Ordinarily such language does not exactly set me afire with enthusiasm, but in this case I felt immediate solidarity with the young lady, Micki Leaner. I had known her in college. Shortly before I graduated, she and another friend of mine tested the rumored segregation of a private club's swimming pool which was located in a university building. The white student was admitted; the black student turned away. The student newspaper publicized the event; the city papers picked it up, and finally *Time* magazine ran a photo of nuns picketing in protest before the university building in question. It was the first time, to my knowledge, that nuns picketed in habit. The whole episode now seems so slight, so innocent, so trusting in the public opinion of Chicago to set things aright—and so far from calling a federal judge a fascist and a pig. We've travelled a long way in very few years. A very bad trip.

PETER STEINFELS

MEMORIES OF A (LATTER-DAY) CATHOLIC GIRLHOOD



From the convent school to the counter-culture

KATHY MULHERIN

*"We do not feel like a cool, swinging generation—
we are eaten up by an intensity we cannot name."*

Student speaker at Radcliffe
graduation ceremonies in 1968.

This article is about the way thousands of young Catholics in my generation have moved into the New Left, the underground, the counter-culture. There is a joke in New Left circles that the movement is made up of Jews and Catholics and a few lost Protestants. There isn't much in the way of statistical evidence to support that observation—only the McClellan Committee has membership lists—but it is pretty clear that there are disproportionate numbers of Catholics on the left. It is an extraordinary phenomenon and it is no accident.

I do not wish to speak directly about those Catholics on the left whose political activity is pointed towards Christians, who identify themselves as Catholics and Christians and who tend to define their radicalism in prophetic Christian language. They speak of their acts as witness and they speak for themselves. But there are thousands of young people who might be regarded by orthodox priests or bishops as "fallen away" Catholics; they wryly acknowledge their Catholic roots, though now they identify first with the Movement. Three of the best known examples are Mario Savio, Mike Klonsky (last year's SDS president), and Tom Hayden.

There are connections between the Catholic background of such people and their involvement with the Movement, or the counter-culture. Those connections are deep and personal: they are part of a process un-

folding on an immense scale all over the country, the world. I write about them largely from my own experience, so I cannot get it down one-two-three like a good journalist. What follows is a kind of collage, or a collection of voices. It's hard not to be confused about what has happened to us—we are not sure where we are, where we are headed. I'm hoping you'll recognize something.

And although it's Catholics I describe, I find myself frequently quoting Jews or black people who often articulate our experience more accurately.

I—The Fifties

They say that the generation of the '60s is activist, that the kids in the '50s were "passive," "uncommitted," that it was a "square" decade, and that young people wanted nothing so much as to follow the rules and to get ahead. But the generation of the '60s was growing up in the '50s.

"Somebody once wrote that Eisenhower was cotton candy in the mouth of history—well—that's how I felt then, you know? Fuzz! You know, like the lining in my boots."

Lenny Heller, a co-founder, with David Harris, of the Resistance.

Underneath the fuzz there was a deep, passionate energy. It was trapped, though, which made all of us a little crazy. Recently a young free-lance rock critic named Michael Lydon, who was raised a Catholic, tried to describe his feelings during that period. When Lydon was 15, his hero was Charley Starkweather, "1958's crazy-mixed up Nebraska teenage killer," who at the age of

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Commonweal: 610

19 ran away with his girl friend and shot, stabbed and beat 11 people in four days. Lydon writes:

When I was at parochial school in the early '50s, we used to skip out of the playground at lunch time to steal cigarettes at Rosie's candy store. I remember playing out an escape drama in my mind that included turning and mowing down the nuns in the playground with a machine gun just as I was at the top of the wall ready to drop to the sidewalk on the other side. I figured it was the same for Charley. There I was, listlessly losing a battle with the forces telling me to grow up, do well, compete, accumulate, and train all eccentricity and fancy out of my mind. But out there, . . . Charley was running and blazing away, . . .

That era was Charley's context, . . . Even now I revel in its mannered magnificence: the chopped, blocked, and dropped Mercs with dice hanging from the rear view mirrors and tassels along the back windows peeling out of the school parking lot, . . . packs of Luckies rolled up in the sleeves of muscle T-shirts, girls with kerchiefs over drying pin curls, their combs stuck through wallets bulging with pictures or down into thick white socks over black penny loafers, . . . hops in the gym, and slide stepping to get the most noise out of heel taps. It was a real culture; not empty rebellion, as adults liked to say, but the defiant self-definition of kids who felt together. . . .

Killing really was the final thing. If adults were telling you that 'It's just a phase you'll grow out of,' you had to show them all that turmoil was for real. . . . It's hard to be patronizing to a mad-dog killer; . . .

from *US* magazine

It was not that we were murderous, but we were hungry for experience, for real culture, something we could touch, and taste.

By the mid-'50s, Catholic and Jewish culture had been pretty thoroughly secularized and Americanized, but not entirely:

What are we fighting for? Our souls. Isn't that a worthy cause?

Soul is formed from the mysterious landscapes of childhood. For me it was the paste of slush and sawdust on the floors of Avenue M butchershops, the sound of the subway, the heavy gray mass of the apartment building I lived in, its dim hallways, the elevator buttons I stood on tiptoe to reach, and the ominous superintendent who kept chasing me through the building in my nightmares.

Don't scoff at the soul. Don't call it imaginary. Your soul is formed from powerful doses of reality like mother's tit and favorite toy, family brawl and school-yard fighting. Your soul is real all right, much realer than your citizenship, which is spun out of such doubtful material as history textbooks and wire service reports and television commercials.

Establishment politics conspires with capitalism to

steal our souls away. Radical politics conspires with art to steal our souls back. . . .

Marvin Garson in the *Village Voice*

You see, alienation is too simple an idea to encompass what was going on inside of us. We reflect the people we came from. A young black woman, a poet named Nikki Giovanni, from Knoxville, Tennessee, writing about her experience as a black person, insists that the birth of the civil rights movement did not spring from the fact that there were restaurants or schools which were segregated. The source lay much deeper, in the "base experiences," of people's lives: "Base experiences affect people; before they are born, events happen that shape their lives. My family on my grandmother's side are fighters. My family on my father's side are survivors. I'm a revolutionist. It's only logical. . . . Beliefs come, generally, through training; and training is based on feeling" (*US* Magazine). And Robbie Robertson, a member of the best country rock band in America (The Band), told a *Time* reporter recently, "Your roots really are everything that has ever impressed you, and how much of it you can remember."

Exactly. Beliefs come through training, training is based on feeling, and feeling, or intensity, comes out of the experiences deeply impressed upon your soul.

I remember vividly the upper class Catholic boarding school which completely enveloped my teenage years. The school was a locked-up world of its own: within its walls flourished that baroque, European Catholicism which has been so thoroughly repudiated by the forces of renewal, and with good reason. It was authoritarian, myopically narrow, elitist, racist—a relic of another era. (Incidentally, the school was closed recently.)

But its very "irrelevance" made it a unique and wonderful gift. Over 150 girls were crowded into an old drafty estate so removed from the world that I was never aware in the whole four years I lived there that one of America's largest and ugliest black ghettos was only a few miles away. The halls were dark and chilly and we were ordered around nearly every minute of the day. Still, mysteriously, there was space and time and rich material for my energetic adolescent fantasy life. The chapel was a miniature Gothic cathedral, at once primitive and highly civilized; it seemed like a deep cave, dimly lit and full of stalactites and spires. Standing up from both ends of each pew there were two-foot-high ornamental posts, intricately carved with grapes, vines, snakes; from a certain angle they formed an elaborate totem forest, a silent army of wooden worshippers. We were encouraged to spend a lot of time in that chapel—we were kept pretty busy but I used to go in there at night and peer into the dark sanctuary and my head would swim with saints and God and the sweaty little anxieties of adolescence.

Life was organized around the liturgical year—Lent was long and barren and purple; it was easy to feel the appropriate sorrow in Philadelphia's damp, gloomy winters. But the liturgical year was a source of joy too: be-

sides the numerous saints' days and holidays provided by Holy Mother Church, the religious order which ran the school had on its own accumulated over a century of rituals, practices and symbols—and had woven them all into the fabric of school life.

Loyalty was the key to survival in that school, and, my friends tell me, the key to survival as well for seminarians, nuns, everyone who was deeply involved in religious institutions. There were kids in my school who hated it and wanted badly to get out, to get out into the world of real people and boys and cigarettes and lipstick. They were regarded by the nuns and the rest of us as rather pathetic figures, even as traitorous if they were adamant enough; God knows they were miserable.

But if you were loyal, and I was, you could be happy. Michael Rossman once characterized the spirit of the Free Speech Movement as one of "fierce joy," born of a novel and intense communal experience. Something like the same spirit often animated the days at my convent school. In retrospect the moral and social rigidity of the place seems incredible, but at the time, our world was so complete—full, playful, momentous. A photographer once came to our school to do a photo-essay about us and after hanging around for a few days she remarked wistfully that she had rarely seen so many happy, carefree kids. She was probably aware of how much money it cost to create such a carefree situation. Many of the girls had unhappily married parents and they were relieved to be away from them. In any case, the photographer was right, we were innocent, sheltered, and the dramatic religious atmosphere lent a quality of grandeur and intensity to our lives that would have been difficult to sustain in the "outside world."

I do not wish to romanticize the place. It was a "total institution." Years later, I had to spend a couple of weeks in jail. I recognized it at once: it was like boarding school. There was no veil of illusion in jail, but the structure was the same. One day, a gentle, simple girl named Alice, jailed for heroin addiction, confided to me that she had thought jail was going to be terrible, but she'd been in and out half a dozen times and now, "I kind of like it here. It's not so bad." I nodded.

The nuns were just as deluded as we were—they really believed that they were engaged in a lively struggle for our souls. They wanted very much to produce exemplary children of the Sacred Heart, and daughters of the Church. The model was a creature of gentility and grace, of sweet humility and vigorous devotion. What they actually tended to produce was something like the Kennedy daughters (all of whom attended these schools by the way): a devout, active young woman of the upper classes, capable of taking her place at the side (and a little to the rear) of one of the third generation Irish or Italian Catholic young men who were just beginning to move into the higher reaches of politics and business.

Years later I discovered with great bitterness that my

school and those nuns were successful in large measure because they were so brilliantly skilled in assimilating and raising the social standing of their students. Who were sent there for that purpose (myself included).

We were taught in a hundred different ways that the outside world, the secular world, was godless and inhuman (they adapted to their own uses the critique of mass culture which was so popular in those days). *But*, we were made to understand that it would be possible, even desirable to go out into that world and work among its people, *provided* we maintained a vigilant devotion. That is, you could marry an executive of say, IBM, or Standard Oil, and mingle freely in the secular world of business and society as long as you took care to attend mass every morning, prayed a lot, did charity work (the genteel Junior League variety was considered appropriate) and raised your numerous children to be good Catholics.

In the cold light of the last dozen years such a perspective seems hypocritical indeed, and there is no denying it.

But what was nonetheless important for me and for thousands of other Catholic kids raised in somewhat less affluent surroundings, was that the symbols were compelling and that many of the people who ruled our lives were fine, sincere, intelligent, and dedicated to their work and to us. There is no denying that either.

I wanted to be a missionary when I grew up. I learned from the nuns that it was not necessary to go off to "darkest Africa" to do that kind of work—one could develop a secular career, or a religious career in a secular context, which would serve the same purpose. I wanted to give my life to the salvation of my fellow man and I knew that in America the odds would be against me.

In fact, I was certain that there was no possibility for social change. I was deeply imbued with a sense of history as a long procession of splendor, tragedy, evil, beauty, and for all its upheaval, a certain regularity. The history of the Church, we were often reminded, was not always righteous ("after all, it is a *human* institution!"), but it was for always. Salvation was a painful, plodding, absorbing, one-to-one affair. Evil, crime, sin, poverty would always be with us—though, thankfully, not *too* close to anyone *we* associated with.

II—Fools Gather

It was this fundamental despair about the nature of change which drew me to the Myth of the Fool. At the age of 19 or 20 my hero was Prince Myshkin in Dostoevsky's *Idiot*: he was gentle, epileptic, given to losing his cool in critical situations, so he never really did much good, but he was so translucently good that he moved people deeply, even if he couldn't help them in their practical agonies. He was exemplary, so tender and full of his own insignificance that those who came into contact with him found themselves on intimate terms with him. He seemed to see through everybody and to love them

for what he saw. My teachers introduced me to a critical analysis which assured me that Myshkin was Dostoevsky's idea of Christ.

Many religious writers have pointed to the spirit of abandonment, or recklessness which characterizes the true Christian: one who gives all without weighing the consequences, who is so devoted to Christ that he or she is released, liberated, made free. The implication was that anyone like that would often come into conflict with the dictates of the social order in which she or he lived. The nuns took care to curb our enthusiasm for such a life—they were not eager to unleash on the world a crowd of females, wandering about half-mad with religion like medieval freaks, saints and minstrels.

You see, the point is almost too simple. Some of us were getting heady ideas about what the religious life required. Those who did not want to enter the convent began preparing for a life of ascetic poverty and dedication to the people of God. And even those who despaired of storing up the will power for such a rigorous future still hungered for the intensity that kind of life offered. Maybe *meaning* is more accurate—we wanted our lives to be full of meaning: we knew the world, by itself, could offer little, and that it would bring enormous pressure to bear on the meaning our church had given us, try to wear it down, destroy it. Outside the Church others, like Camus, bore the same message: the world is absurd. And a few years later the Beatles were to write a song about a fool on a hill whom “nobody wants to know . . . / They can see that he's just a fool.”

Please understand; we were not fanatical kids, we were pretty ordinary middle class young men and women. By the time we were 21, we knew there wasn't a hell of a lot you could do. We had that in common with others of our generation:

No one really believed anyone could do anything much about anything. . . . It was against this background that we began to move: not out of hope, but because we had to, because that context of Impossible granted us a weird sort of freedom. . . . freedom to be what we are, for we are all there is.

At the same time somehow, we were also beginning to perceive that this mighty Church, this backbone and fabric of our lives, was losing its grip. Even if we had been inclined to ignore that fact, or make our own accommodation with it, the Church itself was confronting it. I graduated from college in 1963. By the next fall, the Vatican Council had begun to affect me.

What the Council did for me, and for millions of others, was to legitimize the delegitimization of the Church. It was that simple. The renewal was a direct attack on the moral and intellectual authority of the Church, of the whole late-scholastic tradition:

Cardinal O'Boyle was right when he said recently of the Washington dissenters [the priests who publicly

opposed the Church ban on artificial birth control]: 'They're not testing birth control so much as the authority of the Church; it's the same sort of rebellion that is happening everywhere in the world.'

New York Times editorial

Right on, your excellency, right on.

Of course, the Council alone was not so powerful. Those who remained locked up in that world, those pockets, those grottoes the Church had established and guarded so jealously, could ignore the Council and the 20th-century. Most of us could not.

1963 was the year that Bull Connor's dogs tore into civil rights marchers in Birmingham, Alabama, the year that President Kennedy was assassinated; and the TV cameras brought it all back home. It's possible the Council might not have released us so abruptly from the myths which ruled our youth if those years had been relatively peaceful. But it was the beginning—for us—of a whole new era.

1964 was the year of the Free Speech Movement at the University of California in Berkeley. It was the start not only of the public delegitimization of the university, but one of the birthplaces of the “counter-culture.” We learned from the Free Speech Movement that we had the power to *define the terms* for ourselves. FSM was communal; it was theater and politics; it was play and work. Politics and life-style interacted, each creating a context for the other.

The Vatican Council made it clear that it would no longer do simply to obey, to follow the rules. The rules changed and the Church didn't seem so certain, so *right* anymore. How then, was one to live? The question was forced wide open. The Council also defined the relationship between man and God as horizontal, if you will: man made contact with God through other men. The notion that each man and woman made contact with God primarily individually, vertically, was dead—had been an illusion. (Inasmuch as I had suffered agonies all those years in school because I couldn't *find* God, never knew whether God knew about *me*, I was immensely relieved to come upon this discovery; I was also angry, for the energy I had poured into that search for God now seemed a waste of time and strength.)

I am not certain at this point, for each of us perceived the problem differently. I think that we sensed even before the Council that the symbols, the images which formed what Nikki Giovanni calls our “base experiences” were beginning to lose their power. If you went to a parochial school in some sooty industrial town, maybe you caught on to that long before I did. If you had to cope with the world on *its* terms it was very difficult though not impossible to avoid some hard questions about the Church and its immutability. I have friends who had been exposed to the poverty and oppression of blacks and Chicanos and had been fighting the Church on this score for several years before the Council

—fighting and failing and despairing. They were bitterly conscious of the venality and corruption of the institution.

All I know is that none of us wanted to settle down with our disillusionment and stumble through the years like Saul Bellow's *Herzog*. I thought *Herzog* was a jerk, full of recriminations, self-pity and pompous notions about the course of history and the nature of man. Not tragic, merely pathetic.

Do you understand? We were hungry for experience, for some kind of real life, for some way to tap our energy.

And what were the choices? Who were the models, the heroes? Who, what should we be? Well, look, I was sitting there in graduate school, miserable, on fire with anger at the lies and illusions I had accepted so trustingly and eagerly. There was FSM and there that testy bunch of cardinals and bishops bickering in Rome about the future of Christianity. It took me a long time to choose, but in retrospect it seems pretty obvious.

The ironic thing was that the Church had taught me that there could be no change—no real change. Now, it was the Church, caught up in profound upheaval, struggling to reform itself which showed me that change was after all, possible. I felt a tremendous surge of energy.

But the questions raised were endless, and their implications very deep. What should we be? Who were we? Whose judgment should we trust for guidance in trying to figure out what was happening to the country and the world and ourselves? Everybody—Jews, Catholics, WASPs, nothings—everybody understood that the problem was *moral*. But what could we do? What could we expect?

Never trust anybody over thirty.

Never underestimate the stupidity of the Administration.

FSM maxims

Once you see one truth, everything becomes clear, all the lies, the bullshit, the things they make you do you really see!

Lenny Heller, Resistance organizer, talking about the first impact of FSM on him.

Oski dolls, Pompom girls, U.C. all the way.

Oh, what fun it is to have your mind reduced to clay.

Civil rights, politics, just get in the way.

Questioning authority when you should obey.

FSM Christmas carol set to "Jingle Bells."

... the best among the people who enter [college] must for four years wander aimlessly much of the time questioning why they are on campus at all, doubting whether there is any point in what they are doing, and looking toward a very bleak life afterward in a game in which all of the rules have been made up, which one cannot really amend.

It is a bleak scene, but it is all a lot of us have to look forward to. Society provides no challenges. . . .

The most exciting things going on in America today are movements to change America. . . .

Mario Savio in a speech on the steps of Sproul Hall during FSM

Politics is the coming together of people to make decisions about their lives.

From a SNCC leaflet in a Lowndes County organizing campaign

All this is pretty familiar now. But the most important thing about the whole experience was that the young people who took part in it *defined the terms*; and they did it by acting.

A movement of young people who defined themselves through action. It had been many years since that kind of politics had faded from the scene. It's impossible to describe how many old assumptions, methods, traditions, values, institutions, systems, were uprooted in every one of us—one could almost feel the tug of each nerve and root. When Lenny Heller said everything became clear once he saw one truth, he meant to describe a feeling: we knew we were moving to a wholly different vantage point; everything looked different but at first we couldn't see much beyond our noses.

It was a painful, step-by-step process and in the early '60s it was again the Church that taught me most of the truths other people were learning in the South and in the university. My civil rights activity, such as it was, was focused on racism in religious institutions. On that level, the Church showed me much about how a system works, how bureaucracies obstruct change, how vested interests maintain their power, how stupid old men rule the lives of the young, the poor, the powerless. It was the sort of experience which made many people begin to lose their fear of the high and the mighty in authority.

I turned to the New Left because its members were really dealing with the personal, social, political and religious problems I was facing. They were developing an analysis which helped to explain the incredible resistance to reform in the church and the state. They were carving a life style whose basic thrust was ethical. They were studying and fighting poverty and racism and they were trying to capture communal experience in politics. It was exciting and liberating.

And there were Catholics—theologians, priests, authority figures if you will—who were beginning to look all over the world, everywhere, for sources of inspiration, for ways to make change and for instruction in what kind of changes to make: people like Michael Novak, Dan Callahan, Robert McAfee Brown and others. Like the young nuns, priests, seminarians who were beginning to move. I did not feel alone.

Novak more than anyone taught me that I did not have to "leave" the Church to maintain my integrity. He introduced me to a wide variety of intellectual traditions and religious sources within and beyond the Catholic tradi-

tion; slowly I began to redefine my religious world view.

Occasionally, I would suddenly remember my rigorously Thomist education and wonder whether I was meandering into heresy; but the comical truth was there was nobody to excommunicate you. It was very clear that the bishops and the Curia types were too busy trying to keep the lid on to worry about me and my heresies.

It was a playful, comforting feeling to know that I did not have to leave my people to build my life. I did not want to cut my roots. It was obvious that we were going to need all the roots we had in the coming storm. Recently Novak wrote some articles in the *National Catholic Reporter* declaring that to be a Catholic is to belong to a people. Doubtless we need reminding since the Church is so torn, but when I was growing up that was my natural context; so deeply was I imbued with that truth that even now I can affirm it.

What I am getting at is complex, not entirely clear to me, difficult to dry out, separate and harden into words. Do you see that the process by which one moved from orthodox Catholicism to radicalism and the counter-culture was connected by thousands of threads—some you had to break before you could move, others drew you along, led the way.

Turning to the Liturgy

Maybe one way of getting at the delicate blending of our religious tradition and this new way of life being born (Birth: breaking with the old tradition/drawing strength from it.) is to turn to liturgy.

All my life the crux of the liturgy, the only part that always interested me, was communion—communion and the consecration, because the moment of consecration was still, stark, full of majesty, because communion was eating God and I really dug getting *close* to God. Once in high school, a nun was showing a few of us around the chapel sacristy. To impress upon us the dramatic character of the transubstantiation, she opened a large, flat cookie tin full of unconsecrated wafers and bade us eat some. Shocked and thrilled, we reached in timidly, growing bolder as she encouraged us. In a minute we were silently grabbing handfuls and stuffing them into our mouths. The nun soon became uneasy and closed the tin. She never opened it again though we sometimes asked her to.

The consecration and communion were the most tangible moments of the religious life, but the whole liturgy was pretty tangible. A friend of mine, raised by anti-religious parents in a rural California county, told me that as a kid he used to visit all the churches in town from time to time just to see what they were doing. "I thought the inside of the Catholic church must be Paradise—it was real pretty. They and all these pretty things on the altar and gold leaf on the walls and statues. It was the prettiest place in town."

The renewal movement wanted to bring the liturgy out of the encrusted tradition in which it was embedded and give it fresh life and relevance. The only trouble was that the old tradition, however irrelevant, had more soul than the feeble efforts of the liberals who dominated the renewal movement. They managed to free the liturgy for experimentation; great beauty and rich experience has come out of that, but they are caught in a transition, an almost aimless wandering. The current state of Christian liturgy expresses more poignantly than anything else the profound confusion and ambivalence of Christianity today.

It was not long before the new liturgy and even the most "advanced" experiments became boring:

What the kids really want out of liturgical experiments is novelty. They like guitars at mass and all that but if the format doesn't change all the time they get bored and stop coming.

A Jesuit sociologist at the University of San Francisco

These kids are really different now. They're more selfish. They are always trying to get us to change little regulations about hair, ties—and that's not the point. They don't care about mass—even guitar masses; only about one third of them go to mass on Sunday.

An unhappy Dominican principal of a private Catholic day school for boys in Los Angeles

Nor is it just the kids. Who talks about the "underground church" now? Who can be bothered going underground just for a home mass? The underground church was not merely co-opted by reform within the Church. Many of its members lost interest in it and dropped out. There was something missing: Sister Corita's celebration of Wonder Bread ignored the fact that it's terrible bread—expensive and flimsy. It was the same error that Harvey Cox made in the *Secular City*. Why celebrate something that's sick? We were exhorted to love the world—but what part of it? What was required was a critical theology: a politics.

There are thousands, perhaps millions of Catholics in this country who are waiting—still hungry for a liturgy which will invest their lives with religious import, a liturgy by which they can transform the world, celebrate what there is to celebrate and gather strength to fight what must be destroyed. They have few illusions; they are clean and dry as a desert. They wait.

But all this hasn't put an end to living liturgy. Liturgy as politics has brought off some really great experiences in the last few years.

A demonstration is not basically a protest against anything, it is a demonstration FOR something, it is a fertility ritual, an assertion of life that demands to live in spite of the concrete environment they are

trying to force on us. Then the law, which is on a Death Trip, comes out and beats people up and throws them in jail. Sandy Darlington, a rock critic writing about the Oakland 7 Trial in the San Francisco Express Times

It is a liturgy which grows the way a politics grows: it expresses the development and the weaknesses of the participants. There are numberless examples:

- The sit-in around a police car on the Berkeley campus which sparked FSM. Michael Rossman quotes Mario Savio: "That event has always seemed to me to have the archaic primitive quality of a childhood dream."
- The first Be-In, January 14, 1967, in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, and nearly every Be-In after it. Each one openly liturgical, religious, each a joyful celebration of the life and the values we were learning to create.
- The exorcism of the Pentagon by witches and Yippies at the 1967 March on the Pentagon at the end of Stop the Draft Week.
- "Beautiful Friday," the last day of Stop the Draft week in Oakland, California:

. . . on Friday we created barricades out of cars and other available material—The barricades . . . made Oakland feel for just one day a different style and approach to the sacred symbols of modern America. We painted downtown Oakland with our anti-war slogans showing people that in some cases political slogans are important enough to be written on walls and windows of public and private buildings. . . . We treated the private car—that crucial part of the American dream—as material for our barricades. We blocked traffic and changed the streets from thoroughfares of business into a place for people to walk, talk, argue and even dance. We felt liberated and we called our barricaded streets liberated territory.

Frank Bardacke, one of the Oakland 7

Then there were the thousands of draft card burnings all over America, the acts of sanctuary, the building of Peoples' Park and the fight to keep it, the street fights which have erupted all over the country in white communities: kids fighting the police with shouts or rocks or water, fighting to hang onto their turf or the culture they have defined as their own.

Let the theologians define what liturgy is. Ask anyone in the Movement, in the counter-culture, if he or she is religious. Few will deny it. Our liturgies celebrate us, our brotherhood, our god-likeness, the world, our visions; our liturgies confront our fears and fantasies; our liturgies all possess an inner tension of vigorous dialogue; our liturgies are relevant—paltry world in this context; our liturgies refresh us and nourish our communal bonds; they are intense and dramatic, and they are forged out of our activity.

The family that disobeys together stays together.

Abbie Hoffman, upon being released from jail with his wife, after Stop the Draft Week

For the Hassidic Jews every gesture was potentially holy, a form of prayer, when it was made with a reverence for God. In the same way a gesture is always a form of wisdom—an act is wisdom—when it is suffused with knowledge, made with a reverence for the truth.

Peter Marin, in "The Open Truth and Fiery Vehemence of Youth," in *Center Magazine*

In the same article Marin talks about the human need for ritual:

I once wrote that education through its limits denied the gods, and that they would return in the young in one form or another to haunt us. That is happening now. You can sense it as the students gather with their simplistic moral certainty, at the gates of the university. It is almost as if the young were once more possessed by Bacchanalian gods, were once again inhabited by divinities whose honor we have neglected. Those marvelous and threatening energies . . . we lack rituals for their use and balance.

Primitive cultures dealt with this problem, I think, through their initiation rites, the rites of passage; they legitimized and accept these energies and turned them toward collective aims; they were merged into the life of the tribe and in this way acknowledged, honored, and domesticated—but not destroyed. In most initiation rites the participant is led through the mythical or sacred world (or symbolic version) and is then returned, transformed, to the secular one as a new person, with a new role. . . . He is put in touch with the sources of energy, the divinities of the tribe. In many other cultures the symbolic figures in the rites are unmasked at the end, as if to reveal to the initiate the interpenetration of the secular and sacred worlds. . . . The rites are in a sense a social contract, a binding up; one occurring specifically, profoundly, on a deep psychic level. The individual is redefined in the culture by his new relation to its mysteries, its gods, to one form or another of nature. . . . These ritualized relationships of each man to the shared gods bind the group together; they form the substance of the culture: an invisible landscape that is real and felt, commonly held, a language which resides in each man and in which, in turn, each man resides.

We are religious; we are attempting to deal with the most profound human needs and relationships, and we have had to begin almost from the beginning. So we bring to this effort everything from the past which might be useful. And you see, Catholicism, almost by virtue of

the fact that it allowed itself to fall out of touch with the modern world, was dealing with those needs *on some levels* better than most institutions.

I am a Catholic, simply, neither Orthodox, nor Roman, nor Anglican, because the Catholic Church has preserved the anthropological, the folk religion, that engendered and nourished Western civilization. These are our own rites of passage and of the year. . . . Although as a corporation it [the Church] defines faith as belief and excludes the disbeliever, it can still nourish faith as life in an age of faithlessness. Religion is something men do, not something they believe.

Kenneth Rexroth in *Commonweal*

It was on the wave of this kind of dynamic that most of us have ridden, struggled from Catholicism into the New Left.

III—Liberation

But the process which began in the South in the late '50s and spread to the North by the early '60s would make no sense if described in purely political terms, or purely collective terms. Each of us has gone through, is going through a very personal process of liberation. The counter-culture grew up out of the energies released by that process; it grew up to nourish and sustain the fragile ambitions, styles, habits we were developing.

The only reason for being a revolutionary in our time is because it's a better way to live.

Danny (The Red) Cohn-Bendit

It is impossible to say what came first, how it got started. One thing led to another, not necessarily in a linear procession. Drugs, music, funky life styles, clothes, sex—everything affecting everything else.

Marijuana has been around for a long time. I don't know what happened to me, innocent convent girl, that when somebody I liked and trusted in California offered me a joint I smoked it. But it's easy to say why I kept smoking it. It was really nice. Drugs helped us to break down the barriers between ourselves and nature, between ourselves, between our insides and our outsides. Drugs help you to see more clearly. Anybody who has ever seen a speed freak knows that they can deepen your confusion and ruin your mind too. I don't want to get into an argument about the merits of drugs: they are all around and our culture is shot through with their influence. Drugs have also proved to the counter-culture that it is religious.

But drugs were really a very small part of the process of liberation for most of us. Each of us got turned on to different kinds of experiences. I spent a lot of time in the mountains, in Big Sur, on the beach. I began to get some notions of what it means to be related, integrated into, the environment.

Rock music was very important, especially the sounds that began to come out of California in the mid-'60s. It was very good music. It was good, it was ours, and it was physical:

. . . then, as if a signal had been given, as if the Mind had shouted to the Body, 'I'm ready!'—the Twist, superseding the Hula Hoop, burst upon the scene like a nuclear explosion, sending its fallout of rhythm in the Minds and Bodies of the people. . . . Negroes knew something fundamental had changed. 'Man, what done got into them ofays?' one asked. 'They trying to get back,' said another. . . . 'Get back?' said a girl, arching her brows quizzically, 'Get back from where?' 'From wherever they've been,' said the cat, 'where else?'

Eldridge Cleaver, on white people learning to dance, in *Soul On Ice*.

The music isn't just noise and rhythm either. It is embedded deep in a dozen American musical traditions, and it is *funky*. Do you know what funky is? Funky is something that tastes good, smells good, looks a little ragged, odd, and stinks a little. Funky is a hippy dressed in an old plaid shirt of his father's, a \$40 leather vest, old, old levis, washed pale blue, cowboy boots, a big black hat like the Amish wear, long stringy hair and a great, thick mustache. Funky is what *Playboy* magazine is not.

. . . How I'd love to be in Berkeley right now, to roll in that mud, frolic in that sty of funky revolution, to breathe in its heady fumes, . . .

Eldridge Cleaver, *Soul On Ice*

Funky is not camp. The difference is irony, an earthy sensuality, and a certain wry nostalgia, the playful aspect of a serious search for roots. Funky is sexual.

Young Catholics are more likely to lose their virginity and their sexual illusions with one another under the stern yet oddly tolerant protection of the Church. But sexual joy and freedom, that sweet intimacy, knowledge—the absorbing play of two people naked, acting naturally—that is more elusive. Jansenism sucked our young passion; sexual energies, trapped in baroque tunnels, longed to be released, to flow free.

The radical left and the counter-culture, with their willingness to experiment, their natural sexuality, their hatred of guilt, was an attractive place to dig and search for the root. Those of us raised Catholic had carried our sexuality separate, hidden from ourselves in a maze we unwittingly helped to construct. The struggle to free ourselves of it has taught us only too well how it is possible for men and women to be warped and twisted by a sick social system; it is a truth we can taste—a radical truth.

Again, it's not that simple. Catholicism was a pretty funky religion in my childhood, even more so in the pe-

riods I read about, like the Middle Ages, the Renaissance. If it was absolutist and rigid, everybody knew that Holy Mother Church could wink at sin, juggle the saints with the sinners. Eventually, I came to think of the Church as a huge, wicked, rich, wise old whore.

Until I was of high school age, I lived with my family in Venezuela, where common-law marriage was a lot more common than the other kind. I remember an elderly nun stationed in a hospital run by the Maryknoll order. She used to go around visiting all the sick men she knew to be living in sin (fathers of five, ten children!) and work on their weakness. Then, once every couple of months she'd round them all up and hold a mass wedding in the tiny hospital chapel. It would be packed with mothers and fathers and children and relatives and nuns and after the wedding everybody would go down to the dining room and have a party.

See, the counter-culture's sexual and moral flexibility was a great liberation, a dramatic reversal of the style of the Church. But then again it was familiar.

Liberation requires concrete models; we sought heroes to show us what was possible. You see, it was *never* true what they said about not trusting anybody over 30; that was just to serve notice that all credentials were being reviewed. From the beginning people had heroes over 30—sometimes way over 30, like Herbert Marcuse.

No one hero was or is expected to be everything to everyone. Often people have dozens of heroes, full of contradictory qualities. That's why people for example who are adamantly non-violent can admire Che Guevara. I saw connections between St. John of the Cross and Albert Camus; and at the very time when I felt most alienated from the Church I grew close to a middle-aged priest. I studied and imitated Mitchell Goodman, Denise Levertov, Karen and Michael Novak. One of my heroes is 4-years-old. Many are my own age, just ordinary good people.

We knew you couldn't build a life from ideas alone. You had to watch how other people did it. It's like learning a sport or an art; it *is* both sport and art. Aristotle said that. And we demand that our heroes learn from us, respect us, relate to us. Heroes are not solely authority figures, although for people in their late 20s they function that way to some degree. We after all had to break out of the world which kept us under control. Today, the whole system has lost so much authority that it has to use force, brute force to control our younger brothers and sisters. But force is not enough to repair the rent that has opened up in our culture.

For the children. . . they sense it: there is no one over them; believable authority has disappeared; it has been replaced by experience. . . The parents of these children, the fathers, still believe in 'someone' over them, insist upon it, . . . demand it for and from their children. The children themselves cannot believe it; the idea means nothing to them.

It is almost as if they are the first real Americans—suddenly free of Europe and somehow fatherless, confused, forced back on their own experience, their own sense of things, even though, at the same time, they are forced to defy their families and schools in order to keep it. Peter Marin

IV — Revolution

Everyone knows there is a generation gap, but Marin points to something I've been trying to get at obliquely. Our movement, our counter-culture is not ahistorical, not growing up apart from the life of the nation: it is profoundly American. It consciously seeks roots in America. If we repudiate the imperialism in "Manifest Destiny," we celebrate its sheer explosion of energy. We do not feel guilty about the Indians, we study them, imitate them, fight beside them when we can.

We are operating under the same impulse which drew the reformers in the Church back to early Christian history, made them seek to return the Church to its purer roots, to purge itself of the accumulated garbage of the centuries and renew its original purpose.

Thus do reform movements try to legitimize themselves in the eyes of the people by proving that they, and not the established regime, are the true bearers of the people's hopes. Certainly, that is what we are trying unconsciously to do. But we do it in good faith, because every people which has lost its way does well to go back to its roots. Those roots are not always visible, not always recorded in the official histories, not always respectable. And the search must needs be as much instinctive as self-conscious.

It may be that all of this chaos is a way of breaking with the old world and that from it some kind of native American will emerge. Peter Marin

A people is tough like a weed, almost ineradicable, can survive for thousands of years; but empires hatch and die off like insects.

Marvin Garson, in the *Village Voice*.

WE are the people!! We ARE the people!! We are the PEOPLE!!

The chanting reply demonstrators make to the police when the latter make announcements "in the name of the people of the city of New York"

A few years ago I found myself saying, in a *Commonweal* symposium, "America, I don't know you, and I don't like you." I felt pretty alienated. Today, in one sense, I'm more alienated: haunted by paranoid dreams I awake to find reality outstripping the dream. Fred Hampton (chairman of the Chicago Black Panther Party) was murdered in his bed the other night. What was he dreaming just before he woke up? Did he wake

up? Fred Hampton is my brother; I want the same things for America Fred wanted, and I believe pretty much what he did about how to get those things: Revolution, armed if necessary. I have not spoken much here of the background against which all these changes occurred in our lives; you know it well. How many lists have you seen, of the multitudinous ways in which horror moves in America, the ways in which our government, our corporations, our military, exploit, plunder, kill the poor people of the world. On this level the explanations are simple: Catholics or not, we have become radicals and revolutionaries because we have been driven to it.

But today I love America, though I don't know it much more deeply; I want to, I want to dig in like a weed. The American people are my people; the Catholic people are too. I'm aware that as I move slowly, reluctantly, towards becoming a revolutionary, and a member of the revolutionary community, the memory which stands out most vividly in my head is the community of faith I was raised in, that I belonged to.

It still delights and amuses me to hear hairy, wild-looking radicals talking awkwardly about revolution in language I first heard from nuns in school, from priests in church: they speak of faith in the people, of dedication, of discipline, of hope, of the struggle we must make. Cynics will retort that we are fanatics, as the nuns and priests were. Were they? Are we?

The other day I laughed out loud to realize suddenly, with a new clarity, that to love your neighbor as yourself is revolutionary. The Catholicism I grew up interpreted that to mean that one should not love oneself at all. The process of liberation I tried to sketch straightened us out on that point. Now, as we come closer together, as we struggle to learn how to make revolution (there is only one *kind* of revolution: "The revolution is moral or not at all." Péguy), we are beginning to discover the cost and weight, to plumb levels of desperation we never imagined and to see that coming together is so difficult that we will not do it until we have to. The only way to love your neighbors as yourself is to marry the lot of them: work together, share everything, fight together, build institutions to support yourselves, break down the barriers between you. That is the starting place of a theology, a politics.

I cannot tell you what this revolution will be like, or if there will be one. I do not know very much about it. We want a country that has no need or desire for imperialism; a country where government is impossible unless the people are deeply involved and committed to it, where health care is free and there is no need for insurance companies, where there are no rich or poor, where the nation's industrial energy is subordinated to the needs of the land and the people, where the ecological context is the ordinary perspective, where technology releases individual energies for creative activity so fantastic we cannot imagine it, and where the social struc-

ture is rebuilt to encourage people to get together, not isolate them from one another and call it "individualism." Does all that strike you as Utopian? That's the way it is in Cuba and China, hardly utopias. Does that remark strike you as false? Well, it depends on whom you believe, who controls the terms you use. Which brings us back to where we started.

One thing I know. The Catholic Church and the schools I attended prepared me for this decade, for my life, no worse certainly than Harvard prepared my friends in SDS—in fact I may be a little better off. After all, I was raised an Irish Catholic; I come from a wise, mean, humorous, tough, compassionate, fierce people. My ancestors? The I.R.A. My cousins? The civil rights struggle in Northern Ireland. That's not a bad heritage for a revolutionary.

Do you see now the point of all these words? I wish to speak to you. If you feel despair, that nothing can be done here, it may not be because the situation is hopeless. It may be that you are isolated from the sources of hope, that is, isolated from the people around you, from your own situation. Have you ever tried to organize the people in your building, your block, your neighborhood? Not to sign a petition for this or that, but to get together for good, as a political unit. Have you ever worked with the Black Panthers, joined a GE striker's picket line, taken part in a university sit-in or the occupation of a building? I do not mean to accuse you—only to point out as concretely and gently as I can what I think isolation is. If you tell me, or if your eyes reveal you have no hope, I understand that to mean that you are isolated from your brothers and sisters. Get together.



Greg Kuzma

THE OLD BLOCK

The old block has squeezed
its children out;
like milkweed seeds
we have blown all over
the world.
I cannot go back.
I settle down under the soiled
cotton of my memories.

In the trees
my laughter hangs like a kite
bent and weathered.
An old toy truck
half buried
grins like a skull.
Between the houses where I ran
and fell and got up
I cannot be safe again.

6 March 1970: 619

GETTING TO THE POINT

THE SCREEN

When Michelangelo Antonioni came to America in 1967, lounging warily in the glare of *Blowup*'s inflated but genuinely explosive success, he made the decision to carve in film a series of grave images out of this newly discovered, 3000-mile wide marble block. He approached Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer about the project, and the grand old movie lion, just saved from imminent conglomerate engorgement because of the surprise bonanza of *Blowup*, extended its corporate paw in contractual gratitude. But the company might as well have stuck its foot out instead. Films about dropouts and white radicals, Antonioni's topic, soon began appearing so profusely that they became a new movie genre, complete with conventions and clichés. The European directors—Jacques Demy, Agnes Varda, John Schlesinger, Peter Yates, even Richard Lester—who had preceded him to make their "thesis film" in America (rather like Junior Year Abroad) had cluttered and thus blurred their creative visions with too many signs of the country's immense vitality, vulgarity and venality. Antonioni planned to use non-actors in the leading roles, forfeiting the nuances that professionals could give to his spare dialogue, as in *Blowup*. His publicized intention to forego a screen story (like Julio Cortazar's intriguing *ficción* used for *Blowup*) for a less constricting sequence of incidents suggested to the cynical that he was unconsciously turning into the director in *8½* who begins a movie, not because he has a film idea, but because he has a firm commitment. And while Antonioni was editing his movie, amid threats of

prosecution under the Mann Act, M-G-M was indeed swallowed up by a conglomerate, partially due to the old regime's uncertainty about this film, this *Zabriskie Point*, that was running over-budget and probably, amok.

Zabriskie Point has finally appeared. M-G-M may have tried to trip Antonioni up with its *carte-blanche* on a film about young people in America, but the filmmaker has responded beautifully, the way Keaton or Chaplin would turn a potential pratfall into a gloriously graceful *entrechat*. True, the film explores and occasionally accepts certain romantic clichés about the Revolutionary mentality—but never without touching them with a rigorous intelligence missing in hagiographies like *Easy Rider* and *Alice's Restaurant*. True, Antonioni's America (the West, of course) is crowded with more signs than the Apocalypse—but each sign is insightful, thematically apt and visually eloquent. True, his non-actors are clumsy when saddled with extensive dialogue, making the viewer more aware of their "acting," of their being outside a part instead of inhabiting it the way a good actor does—but of course they were chosen, and well chosen, for the expressiveness of their young bodies and the regional rightness of their faces, the boy with his bright, rugged, prep school New Englandness, the girl with her open, slightly dim and overeager face, California swimmer's body and dancer's legs. True, the "story" is an anecdote that would be yawned at—if the film weren't less a story than a notebook of American impressions, Life in These United States as seen through the eye of an artist and set down with the care of a craftsman. *Zabriskie Point* is easily Antonioni's most coherent and compelling film, a giant step forward from his early explorations of bourgeois boredom, and an encouraging progression from the sociological facilities that tinged *Blowup* with theatricality whenever it moved from the leading characters to the mod *demi-monde*.

Antonioni said recently that he's tired of being obscure, and that his films will be more political and, presumably, explicit. While *Zabriskie Point* isn't Odets-explicit, but rather Antonioni-implicit, the movie certainly equivocates far less than did *Blowup* in its Instant Metaphysics tennis-ball finale. The new film's theme is stated in its first sequence: The radicals have the rhetoric but the police have the power, and while Panthers and Maoists talk revolution, the cops are talking with their guns. The "story" traces two young people, polemical Mark and apolitical Daria, in their flight from Los Angeles to a safer, saner life in the Arizona desert. Mark is fleeing the scene of a dead cop, not because he murdered the policeman, but because he didn't; he's running not from the Law but from his activist conscience. Daria is driving to meet her industrialist boyfriend in Phoenix. They meet (in a funny, scary scene reminiscent of the crop-dusting in Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*) and make love in Death Valley (in a lovely, too-long Busby Berkeley production number: first the leads perform a duet, then the

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curtain of movie surrealism parts to reveal a few, a dozen, a hundred couples and triples making love in the primordial dust). Mark decides to return to Los Angeles, in a private plane he's stolen; he does and is killed by the police on his return. She hears about it on her car radio, goes to her boyfriend's hideaway, enjoys a fantasy in which *everything* is blown up—the hideaway, a television, a refrigerator, a clothes rack, honky imperialism, the world—then drives away into the twilight.

Zabriskie Point is especially fascinating in the way it weaves past Antonioni themes into the motley American fabric of today. That vital Hollywood actor Rod Taylor is transformed, or neutered, into the director's familiar bad guy, the played-out executive. Surrounded by steel-and-glass monuments to corporate ugliness, Rod is an arid Howard Roark, the "Fountainhead" gone dry. His reliance on the machine—dictaphone, tape recorder, television, helicopter—links him to the police, who are always seen behind gas masks, plexiglass, microphones (the villain-as-spaceman concept of Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*), and contrasts him with the kids. Though the kids also use machines—radios, cars, airplanes—Antonioni seems to suggest that they aren't used *by* them, possibly because they grew up in the machine age. The kids control their machines without being corrupted by them. Taylor acts like a machine; Mark is a *deus ex machina*.

But while Antonioni accepts, at least for the purposes of his demonstration, the Youth Myth, he can't help but oppose the young radicals' disdain of "bourgeois individualism." Movies, this one included, have to reject the idea of the Collective Hero—an idea of Eisenstein's which even he later rejected—simply by their concentration on an individual, or a group of individuals, whom we come to be interested in, and perhaps to care for. In a way, Antonioni rejects the romanticism of radical politics for the romanticism of movie production. For the first time we feel the pleasure he must have had making a movie, a pleasure that becomes almost palpably apparent in the Death Valley love scene. Such is the power of a big-time movie director: to bring a boy from Boston and a girl from San Francisco together to make love with dozens of other kids in a National Park.

Finally, however much Antonioni may sympathize with the young radicals—and the screen usually makes youth look more attractive than middle age—he understands even more deeply its ultimate idealistic impotence. The boy wants to kill a cop but doesn't, and is killed. The girl wants to blow up the world but doesn't and is . . . what? Saddened, compromised, matured, anesthetized? Antonioni lets us complete the sentence, and the film, the way Chabrol did in his achingly beautiful *Les Bonnes Femmes*. The artist paints a picture, and the viewer draws a moral. The appropriateness of the moral can be debated, but *Zabriskie Point*, and that dazzling *Götterdämmerung* that ends it on a note of eschatological ecstasy, cannot be forgotten.

RICHARD CORLISS

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BOOKS

A novel mythologizes a whole continent

One Hundred Years of Solitude

GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ

Harper & Row, \$7.95

RONALD CHRIST

Like so many other infamous creatures reported dead, the novel is actually alive and well in South America. Fantastically alive, as a matter of fact. In the hands of such writers as Gabriel García Márquez, it is "advancing in an opposite direction from reality"—like one of the armies in this his masterwork *One Hundred Years of Solitude*—by discovering such delirious carnivals of invention and such circuses of delightful performance that the truly "new novel" must be called Latin American and not French.

Of course there are people who prefer their circuses to be European, one-ring affairs, and García Márquez's prodigal book is not for them. It has enough characters with repeating, confusing names for a Russian novel and enough ghosts, necromancers, gypsies, cannibals, levitating priests and incestuous lovers for a side show, while its golden chamber pots, plagues of insomnia, rains of yellow flowers, flying carpets and even a guest appearance by the Wandering Jew and the ascension into heaven of a girl named Remedios the Beauty qualify it as one of the very best if not in truth the greatest show on earth.

Which is to say that *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is a book of wonders written by a man, who, like one of his characters, has an unbridled imagination that is always going "beyond the genius of nature and even beyond miracles and magic." But not to say that the book is merely a literary freak-out. Because what García Márquez frequently uncovers for us is the extravagance of the commonplace. For exam-

ple, in the early (and the very best) pages of the book, a band of gypsies visit the isolated, backward town of Macondo, which is the setting of the novel, and display their marvels, including a pirate chest guarded by a giant gypsy. When the chest is opened, a Macondo father and his children see "an enormous, transparent block with infinite internal needles in which the light of the sunset was broken up into colored stars." Knowing that his children expect an explanation, the father ventures: "It's the largest diamond in the world." "No," the gypsy counters, "It's ice." Thus while the technique of the book may properly be called magic realism—a simple, realistic style disclosing fantastic subjects—the beauty of the book lies in its discovering the magic of reality.

That reality—the one García Márquez deals with—is nothing less than the ethos of Latin America, and in order to make his discovery, in order to say the truth about the world he lives in, without resorting to the jargon of sociology or the nit-picking of analytic psychology, he has had, heroically, to invent a territory—Macondo—to conceive a people—the Buendías—and to inform his geography and population with a mythology—a Borgesian Eternal Return. Explicitly inspired by Faulkner and his evocation of real life through the imaginary Yoknapatawpha County, García Márquez has single-handedly mythologized a whole continent in telling the multiple story of the Buendías, a story, first, of guilt and innocence in a prototypical endeavor to found a community; then, of subsequent generations confronting forces from the outside world (like railroads and banana plantations); and, eventually, of the family's deterioration from within and final obliteration. In a word, the story of Macondo and the Buendías is a résumé of the Ages of Man and as García

Márquez remarks: ". . . the history of the family was a machine with unavoidable repetitions, a turning wheel that would have gone on spinning into eternity were it not for the progressive and irremediable wearing of the axle."

That mechanism is there all right, and it does justify the whole extravaganza by rationalizing (too neatly, of course) the excesses of reiterating character and event; but fortunately for us the author's eye is focused more on the turning wheel than on the wearing axle, or what strikes us as plenitude might have been merely ponderous. In other words, the mania for metaphysics, which disfigures so much Latin American writing, does not obtrude here, where a vast, Gothic humor alleviates, for the reader at least, "the crushing weight of so much past." A microcosmic example will explain: the repetitions of history are encapsulated in the Christmas presents Don Fernando del Caprio sends his grandchildren every year, and the decay implicit in that repetition is embodied in his last gift. But see how García Márquez Gothicizes that decay into a weird verbal delight: "Aided as was customary by Aureliano Segundo, they broke the seals, opened the cover, took out the protective sawdust, and found inside a long lead chest closed by copper bolts. Aureliano Segundo took out the eight bolts as the children watched impatiently, and he barely had time to give a cry and push the children aside when he raised the lead cover and saw Don Fernando, dressed in black and with a crucifix on his chest, his skin broken out in pestilential sores and cooking slowly in a frothy stew with bubbles like live pearls."

Call the book bizarre, certainly call it funny; analyze it as primitive myth but notice its colorful sophistication equal to one of Chagall's crowded murals—describe the work how you will,

it looks as if García Márquez, while we have been worrying about the great American novel, may well have written the great novel of the Americas—and had a grand time doing it too.

Underground Film: A Critical History

PARKER TYLER

Grove Press \$6.50

WALLACE FOWLIE

This newest book of Parker Tyler is far more than a critical history of the underground film. No such complex phenomenon as the underground film can be discussed without reference to its sources in the avant garde film of the '30s and '40s, to its relationship with dadaism and surrealism, to its differences with the commercial entertainment film, to the contemporary themes and slogans and customs that are reflected in it: nudity, sexuality, drugs, camp, psychedelic time, the pad, the leather (or bike) boys, happenings, beatism and hippyism.

Mr. Tyler is not only the historian of this art form which he traces from *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* of 1919 to *I Am Curious* of 1969. He is also the very pertinent and very wise commentator on the social and psychological forces that have during the half century turned the camera into a voyeur. His is a pioneer book, indispensable and unique at this moment in 1970, and which will serve in the future for any reorganization and reevaluation of the many subjects he discusses. At all times in his book, he is the critic-historian eager to understand and interpret, the man aware of the changes that are constantly going on in vocabulary and customs and taste. His knowledge of the subject is as extensive as his sympathy is deep for the makers of the films.

He knows that the makers of the underground film and film addicts like himself are sensitive to a nostalgia for the films seen in their childhood. These new films are for the young. Moviegoers over 30 should not be admitted unless accompanied by a teenager. The

films are made by the young and acted by the young, or by those who are no longer quite so young but who live in the fantasies of the young. In his earlier books on the movies, Parker Tyler developed the thesis that movie-going is a ritual of hallucination and hypnosis. The new book is an even fuller demonstration of this thesis, but the underground films of the 1960's (such as *Flaming Creatures*, 1962, of Jack Smith; *Scorpio Rising*, 1963, of Kenneth Anger; *Harlot*, 1965, of Warhol;

Love-making, 1969, of Brakhage) involve problems of today which we are living through without always understanding: the rebellious youth, the expansion of consciousness brought on by drugs, infantilism as a dark power.

By raising a question, Mr. Tyler often makes a direct commentary on a film or on a film theme. Is it sex, he asks, riding the motorcycle or is it death? And often by means of a film commentary, he offers explanations of vaster subjects. He is quite right in

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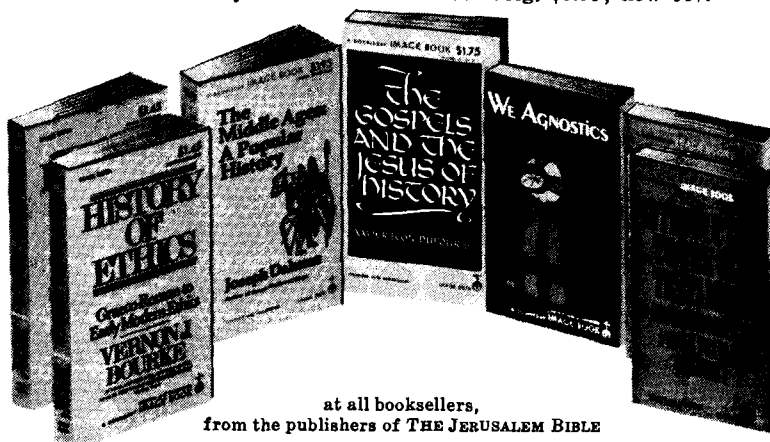
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claiming that art in the 20th century has become a program for turning fantasy into reality.

In carefully pointing out that the underground film has finally surfaced, Mr. Tyler explains this fact by analyzing its relationship with the alienation atmosphere of our century, an experience felt more intensely by the young of each decade than by older groups. At the end of World War I, the dada movement rejected officially recognized art. During the '20s, surrealism placed a taboo on man's reason and scorned the form of the novel with its cliché plots. Existentialist writers during the '40s expressed their disillusion with traditional morality which they called hypocritical. These three attitudes or movements were felt more deeply in Europe than in America, it is true, but here they have reappeared, barely disguised, in the underground film.

In the most valuable passages of his book, Parker Tyler describes what he calls the anatomy of the avant garde and underground film. He makes constant references to films that are avant garde in spirit, such as Antonioni's *Blowup* and to underground-influenced films, such as *Midnight Cowboy*. This "anatomy" or analysis is usually accompanied by a study of the particular obsession displayed in the film. Thus Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys* (1969) is both an erotic parody on old-fashioned westerns, and also a document on cowboy loneliness, cowboy isolation from women, and the temptations of young men that are brought into play by the pervasive homosexual pressures of the city.

It is not difficult to distinguish the "square" actors in Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* from the superstars of a Warhol underground film. But the underground film makers in New York are as rigorous and unbending in their theories as the early surrealists were in Paris. Such a film as *I Am Curious*, with its long run in New York (and even in Durham, North Carolina) is somewhat resented because it has a plot and a strong degree of coherence in narrating a life experience.

In the underground film's insistence

on presenting the off-beat personality, it tends to be more a documentary than an art form. Mr. Tyler argues convincingly that the film is the most potential art form today and that the underground film has not yet achieved its maturity. In addition to such hypotheses which Parker Tyler never presents in any irritatingly dogmatic way, the book is made up of countless observations and bits of information that reveal this critic's firsthand knowledge of his subject. We learn, for example, that Charles Boultonhouse's *Handwritten* is based upon Mallarmé's *Un coup de dés*, that there is a connection between the somnambulistic action of Maya Deren's films and the trance-drugged action of Warhol's films, that *Dr. Caligari* can be looked upon as the pad's predecessor, that a major goal of the film maker is the creation of a setting in which sexual desires are free to express themselves in a ritual form.

Come, Let Us Play God

LEROY AUGENSTEIN

Harper & Row, \$4.95

JULIAN R. PLEASANTS

When Leroy Augenstein's plane crashed on November 8, it carried down with it a rare talent for expressing scientific and ethical dilemmas with vivid, concrete illustrations. He had given more than a thousand lectures on mental retardation, abortion, the scientific and ethical aspects of transplants, gene manipulation and mind manipulation. He had become involved in real situations more frightening, or more poignant than the imaginary ones some writers use to make their points. And finally he entered state politics to work on the practical politics of medical-ethical decisions.

He asks his readers what they would do if they were on decision-making boards, and then lets them compare their answers with those given by people who had previously answered the same questionnaire. Those statistics, incidentally, show the dimensions of the social and political problems we will face in answering questions about which there is no moral consensus. His

cases probe all our ethical presuppositions. With the finesse of a writer of detective fiction, he can explode, one after the other, the obvious answers, while insisting that we must come up with answers in general and set up political mechanisms for giving answers in particular.

The title of the book, like the chapter headings and the picture on the dust cover, seems designed to appeal to people who shrink from playing God and want their position reinforced. Terms like "Pregnancy Permits," "Chemical Emotions," "Dial-a-Fetus" should attract them. If so, this will put the book into the hands of those who may need it most, for Augenstein sees no escape from "playing God" and from making—hopefully with wisdom and love—the decisions about who shall live and how they shall live.

Who will get a transplant or the use of an artificial kidney? How much can we tamper with the mind of the ghetto child to improve his learning capacity? What do you do when fetal tests show that a mother is carrying her third deformed child? Should you develop a technique for isolating and replacing defective genes even if this opens the possibility of a "Brave New World"?

Harvard scientists who have just made the first of a long series of steps in that direction by isolating a separate gene seem dismayed by what they have done. Augenstein, who had faced situations of mental retardation in his own and others' families, would have been excited by the accomplishment, without in any way denying the dark

and threatening possibilities it raises.

Besides forcing us to think about this kind of decision the book unconsciously suggests the further possibility that in other ways we are already making decisions about who shall live and who shall die. American foreign policy, trade policies, agriculture policies, foreign aid programs, affect the lives and quality of life of far more people than are ever likely to be involved in transplants. What the biomedical revolution does is force us to

make the kinds of decisions about our neighbors or our unborn children, that we now make about seen and unseen "dinks." The result could be a new sensitivity—or a more conscious callousness.

The book itself was compiled from lectures on the various moral dilemmas raised by the new biology and medicine. This format brings all the immediacy and involvement which he must have been able to convey on his crowded lecture circuit. But the weak-



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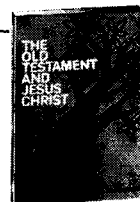
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REVIEWERS

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6 March 1970: 625

ness of the lecture format, even though there is little overlap, is that he doesn't take us to the depth of his own moral commitments. We see his sympathies clearly enough, but not his ultimate basis for judgment. His views on abortion, for example, are influenced by his biologist's conviction that a human life begins at the moment of conception. Yet he counsels abortion in certain situations, saying "there are worse things than taking a life," but we don't learn what they are explicitly, or for whom they are worse.

In a final chapter, he lists his funda-

mentally religious beliefs as the basis of his decisions, yet to me it is not so clear that the existence of a loving God, or the reality of life after death, settles the question of abortion. There must be something in between. These are the things we might have hoped for from a second book.

So while we could wish that Augenstein's book provided more of his *thought*, we are fortunate that he did have this chance to bring to the general public his contagious concern, and to provide the material, in concrete human cases, and in clearly expressed scientific possibilities, that we need for facing our future. Perhaps there is enough material now available to provide a hoped-for sequel. Augenstein's was a rare combination of talents and insights. This is what makes his book valuable.

Black Manifesto

Ed. by ROBERT S. LECKY AND
H. ELLIOTT WRIGHT

Sheed & Ward, \$5

JOHN DEEDY

The major religious news story of any given year is invariably good for a number of books. What is it, therefore, about the Black Manifesto, the demand of the Black Economic Development Conference for reparations to American blacks for two centuries of forced slavery and another century of servitude? It dominated the religious news from its issuance last April through and beyond the end of the year. But book publishers have displayed about as much enthusiasm for the Manifesto as a topic for intellectual and financial investment, as the organized religious community, to whom the Manifesto is addressed, has regarded it as a concept meriting generous and positive response. Which isn't saying a whole lot.

The happy exception is Sheed & Ward, which hurried into print (be not misled by the tardiness of this review) a symposium compiled by minister-journalists Robert S. Lecky and H. Elliott Wright. It was only a few

months between the James Forman confrontations of spring and summer and the issuance of the book, and the haste shows a bit. There are repetitions of facts, and some overlap of discussion, particularly with respect to the historical precedents for the reparations demanded of church and synagogue (\$500,000,000—a figure calculated, in the Manifesto's language, at "fifteen dollars per nigger").

But these are minor defects when weighed against the total service rendered. Nothing else on the market brings together the Manifesto, the important response thereto (including the preposterous response of the New York archdiocese), and combines these with a study of implications and attendant events. The commentators include William Stringfellow, James Lawson, Stephen C. Rose, Robert S. Browne and Forman himself. Harvey Cox and Dick Gregory are also in the book, but Cox is brief and off his usual form, while Gregory offers merely a variation on one of his nightclub routines.

Lecky and Wright have not assembled a polemic, but a few conclusions of a polemic nature leap out unmistakably from their book: that the Black Manifesto, whatever its faults and its weaknesses, deserves a theological appraisal far more sober than that already accorded; that the churches, by rejecting the Manifesto instinctively and generally, have fumbled a perfect opportunity for social redemption; that the churches, if they do not recoup, have destroyed, perhaps irreparably, what credibility they still could claim among blacks and among the more sensitive members of their own congregations.

Indeed the time for recouping may already be gone.

IN BRIEF

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From Backwater to Mainstream. By Andrew M. Greeley. McGraw-Hill. \$5.95.

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search Center is by now well known, attracting both praise and brickbats. This volume endeavors to present a profile of Catholic higher education and is the first in a series sponsored by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education. Filled with tables and assorted sociological data, it is not intended for popular reading, but it cannot be ignored by anyone seriously interested in Catholic higher education. A commentary by David Riesman is included.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 605)

don't feel so free to attribute the same motives to students who place a high priority on quality of environment. We are not working for a society that is merely an overgrown country club. What we want is a livable society—for everyone. The issue of environmental quality is much broader than simply conservation of natural resources . . .

I have been working for a long time on bringing environmental problems to student attention. And I don't feel the least bit co-opted. Perhaps the President doesn't consider that there is a vital link between ghetto and pollution, but I certainly do. Our crowded cities, dirty and diseased, represent just as grievous an abuse of natural resources as do festering streams or the rape of virgin forest lands.

Also, I think many young people are becoming involved in quality of life issues because they see these kinds of problems as more directly caused by their own life style. An affluent and technological society requires greater and greater pools of natural resources. By choosing breathable air and drinkable water, are they not manifesting a determination to avoid the pitfalls of technology and its cost to humanity? Even world peace will be of little advantage in a world where men are jammed into standing room only to die from the filthy air. Both peace and pollution affect the quality of human life which is the concern of those seeking to improve our environment.

I believe you are interpreting "Quality of Life" in its narrowest sense of trying to create a worldwide suburbia. That is not at all what we want. Our goals are less ambitious than technological prosperity for all. We are seeking to restore to all men those things that really give quality to life—open space, unadulterated natural beauty, air that you can't see. We want people to think about all the things that technology has done for them and decide if they really need to let it rule over them, depriving them of their dignity.

In short, I don't think that crusading for peace and working for a better environment are mutually exclusive, as you seem to imply. Rather, they work toward the same end. ANNE SCRIVENER

Copping-Out on Faith

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: I think that John Deedy's succinct piece on the vocations' crisis afflicting the Church today [News & Views 2/13/70] is the most lucid thing on the matter that I have seen in some time. Celibacy can be a cross, yes. But it is not insurmountable if accompanied by faith. Yet that is the precise fact that the Church will not, perhaps can not, realize: that faith today is almost passé. The whole concept of myth and heroism is almost dead; the age of anti-hero is here to stay. And until we can muster some intellectual response to this antitheism, the vocations drop will remain a fact of our ecclesial life.

A further, though admittedly partial, explanation is perhaps the secular programs of service so prolific today—VISTA, for example, and the Peace Corps. The priesthood is dual, the major part religious witness and the other social witness. With the crisis in faith, reinforced by the alternate ways to commitment open to him, modern youth is able to satisfy his desire to minister while copping-out on the faith-commitment the Lord would demand. This is a secularized response to the quest: if I must someday die, what can I do to fulfill my desire to live?

DENNIS M. POWERS

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DOROTHY L. SAYERS

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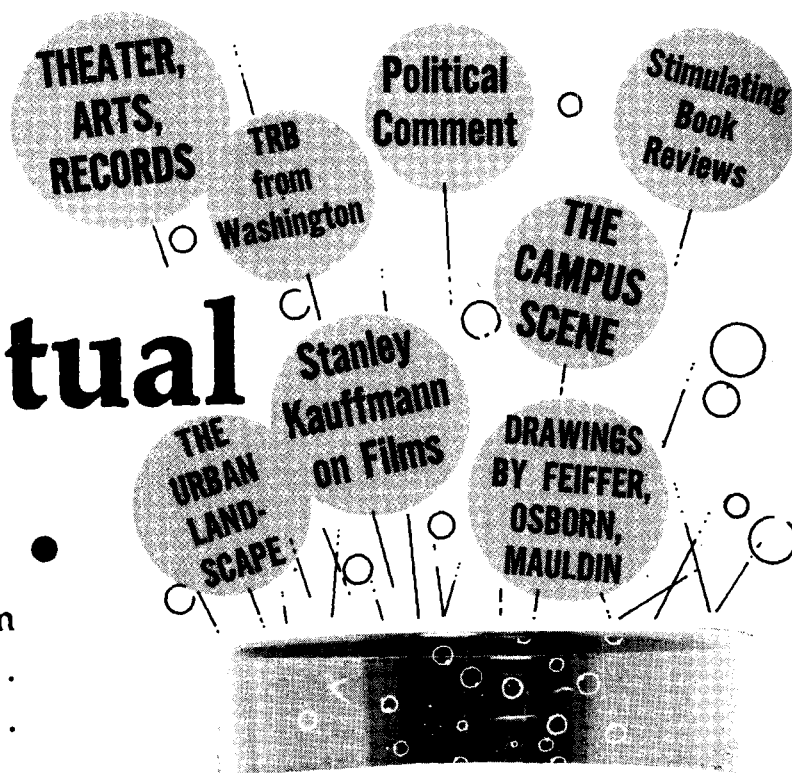
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